McGill Daily

Vol. XXV., No. 57 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1935 PRICE TWO CENTS

WORLD NEWS

LONDON, England, Dec. 18th. — Today Sir Samuel Hoare resigned from the Baldwin Cabinet after Sir Anthony Eden, British Delegate to the League of Nations, disowned the British Peace Proposal. Eden stated that he would only press the proposals if they were acceptable to the nations involved. Ethiopia immediately turned them down and claimed that she insisted on complete withdrawal of Italian troops. She also claimed that Italy had bombed defenceless civilians and Red Cross depots. Italy, on the other hand, claimed that she was fighting a war of right. "Defend Italy and Italy's rights," said the Italian Queen, in an impassioned speech to thousands of Italians last night.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18th. — The United States today concluded the sixth trade treaty under the provisions of the special powers conferred on the President. This treaty extended the favoured nation privileges to Honduras. Under this scheme the United States has concluded treaties with Cuba, Haiti, Sweden, Belgium and Canada. It is expected that the trade between Honduras and the United States will increase from the present six million dollar level to the former thirteen million dollar level of 1929.

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TOKIO, Japan, Dec. 18th. — It was announced today that Japan will immediately withdraw from the Naval Parley in London unless she is granted immediate equality with the United States and Great Britain. To date France, Italy, Britain and the United States have failed to agree with Japan upon the naval policy.

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SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Dec. 18th. —It was announced last night by the authorities that Thelma Todd's death was considered accidental; however, a careful investigation will be held.

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OTTAWA, Canada, Dec. 18th. — It was announced by Mr. King last night that the Hon. Charles Dunning and Mr. Gardiner would run in a by-election on the same day, for seats in the House of Commons.

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LONDON, England, Dec. 18th. — An Empire Settlement Board has been set up under the Dominions Office, was announced yesterday. The board is to consist of eight members. V. Baxter, a member of the British House, said that it would be a good thing if this board could send more people to Canada. He was answered in the House and told that British people were made to feel that they were not wanted in Canada.

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WASHINGTON, D. C. — The Senate Munitions Committee today demanded a report from the Secretary of State concerning the activities of Americans in furnishing Italians with war loans or munitions. This is the second time the question has been asked. It was felt that these loans should be stopped.

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WASHINGTON, D.C. — It is understood in official circles that James A. Farley, Postmaster General under the Roosevelt Administration, is about to resign to manage the President's election campaign.

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LONDON, England. — It was announced last night that scientists of the Royal Air Force had discovered a chemical which will melt the ice which forms on the wings of airplanes. It is understood that plans will be made to develop this chemical on a commercial scale.

Successful Union Dinner

The Union House Committee announced last night that the Christmas Dinner held Tuesday night was successful. The Cafeteria was decorated in the approved fashion with a tree and ribbons. The dinner was also the traditional turkey dinner with cranberry sauce. Among those present at the dinner were the Union House Committee and Mr. T. Moore, President of the Students' Union of the University of Michigan.

Dance Tonight Will Reveal Great Taraki

Tonight the Great Taraki reveals his or her or its identity, at the Union Ballroom, to the strains of Obediah Fels and his seven Carnations. This will be the first informal dance of the Maccabean Circle this season.

Tickets to the informal, including refreshments and checking, are $1.25 a couple. There will be an additional charge of ten cents at the door to cover tax. Entertainment will be provided by skits presented by students, and by the Great Taraki.

Tickets may be obtained from the following: Dentistry, I. Hyams; Medicine, I. Dubin or A. Katz; Engineering, G. Singer; Arts, M. Gold or C. Bolin.

The Daily Wishes All Its Readers,
Subscribers And Advertisers
A Very Merry Christmas And
A Prosperous New Year

Function Of Arts Outlined By Dean

Dean Woodhead, speaking before the Canadian Club at Shawinigan Falls on December 17, outlined the function of an Arts faculty. He stated that its purpose was not only to provide the preliminary training necessary for students who would subsequently enter the professional faculties of medicine, law, dentistry and the like, but it had a special task in the preparing of men and women for the full enjoyment of life.

"It is our ambition to produce graduates who have in our faculty been taught the difficult lesson of thinking for themselves," said Dr. Woodhead. "We attempt to introduce them to the greatest literature in the ancient and modern tongues, to form and guide their taste so that they will not be too ready to acquiesce in the materialistic value of the modern world, to lend them in the revolt against that standardizing spirit which seeks to make of every man an exact counterpart of his neighbor, to open their eyes to the fact that life is a fascinating and exciting adventure, and to equip them with various resources with which they may encounter and combat whatever is false, shoddy and worthless in our present civilization."

Useful Training

Dr. Woodhead had some misgivings as to where some of the universities would stop in the establishment of fellowships, but expressed pride that McGill University had "not engaged in the perilous experiments which have turned some universities into factories of universal learning." Each faculty and school at McGill could amply justify its place in its economy, and they all functioned happily in one system. They were proud of their arts faculty in producing men and women with well trained minds who could play a useful and honorable part in the life of the nation, but they had a larger pride in the university as a whole, and long might it prosper in all its departments.

The vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by E. R. Williams.

Annual McGill Night Features Dramatics

"McGill Night," sponsored by the Young People's Society of the Shaar Hashomayim, was held last night in the Community Hall of the latter synagogue. The annual dramatic competition was won by the Delta Phi Epsilon Sorority, which presented "The Alien Note," written by Jean Lee Leatham. The other contestants included a Christopher Morley adaptation presented by the Sigma Delta Tau Sorority, and a burlesque on "A Night at an Inn" by the Zeta Beta Tau Fraternity. The judges of the competition were Miss Elsa Cohen, and Messrs. Al Cohen, and Pascal.

Dancing followed, and the gathering was entertained by Seymour Fels and his Hilly Billy boys.

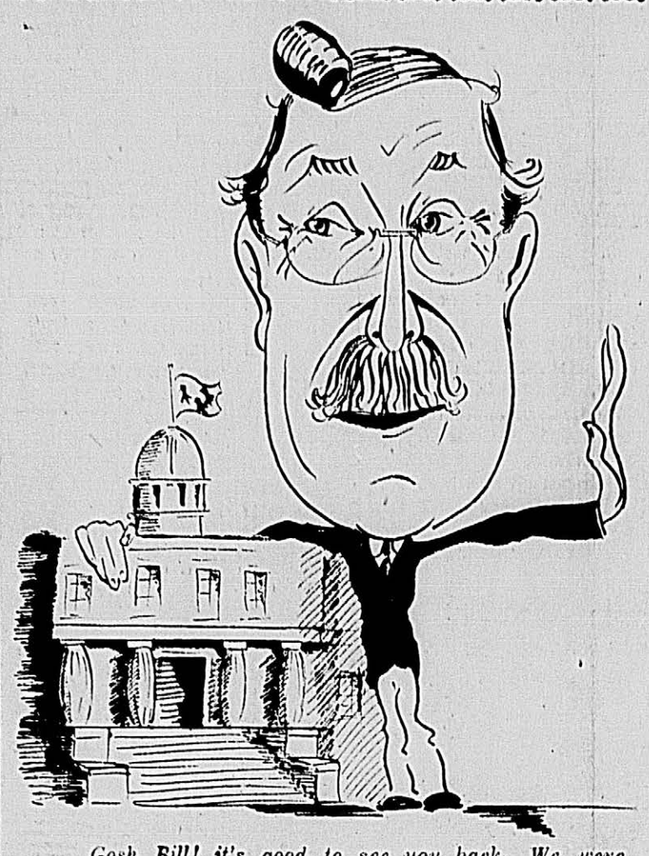
Macdonald Reports Registration Results

Macdonald College has issued registration results for the Faculty of Agriculture, School of Household Science and School for Teachers, for the term 1935-36, for both men and women.

Comparison with last year's figures shows little variation in the first two faculties, but records a big drop in the number of students registered with the School for Teachers. Whereas a year ago the men and women registered with this department numbered 12 and 129 respectively, totalling 141 students, these figures have decreased to 8 and 89 respectively, and to a total of 97 for this year, or about 2-3 of last year's number.

Notice

The next issue of the Daily will appear on Friday, January 17th.



Gosh Bill! it's good to see you back. We were afraid you'd been superannuated.

CAMPUS SASS

Vital Issues

WAKE up, reader, wake up! A new day has dawned in college journalism! The Daily has at last become interested in vital issues! . . . For instance, "SHOULD MEN AND WOMEN BE ALLOWED TO TALK IN THE LIBRARY," not to mention "DO MALE STUDENTS OBJECT TO WOMEN EATING IN UNION?" (This last one, by the way, has nothing to do with cannibalism). Gone forever are the vacuous bullet inboard front pages and going is the present ham-sandwich-like appearance thereof, with World News on the left, Vital Issues on the right and in-between the porcine posterior . . . Players' Club publicity, "The Great Taraki" and Class Photo announcements. Class Photo! . . . Class Phooey! We wanna be edjicated . . . As a matter of fact, the Roving Reporters who conducted the Vital Issue polls ignored us completely. So are we mad? Nosir. We can be ignorant too! Besides, only dogs have anything to do with polls. However, since you would hardly care to be deprived of our expert opinion, we will proceed—so there—with a special interview.

Campus Ass: (sshhh, that's us with smoked glasses on) "What do you, sir, think of men and women talking together in the library?"

Campus Sass: (With our tongue in our cheek) "Whah whah whah whah wow." (If you don't believe it, you try talking with your tongue in you cheek).

Campus Ass: (Now we're the statue in The Hollow) "How about allowing women to eat in the Union?"

Campus Sass: "Nix, brother, nix. What chance would a guy have of getting married after tearing a herring in mixed society? When we eat, we wanna eat. We don't wanna look on no fancy dishes."

Campus Ass: (sotto voce) "Fie! Vulgah Hahvahd man) probableh.

Campus Sass: (just plain sotto) "Gotto nickel for a cuppacawfee?"

Campus Ass: "By Geohge, the beggah is a Hahvahd man."

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Newsy Inanity

FROM a recent news story in the New York World-Telegram:) "His face glistening with perspiration, his ear and the back of his neck covered with a steadily-dripping flow of ripe tomato, his shirt front discoloured by the fresh stains of sulphurous eggs and his trousers shedding quantities of soaked-up hose-water, Professor—remarked drily, "What can one do about these anonymous student uprisings?"

What? Drily? Boy, can he take it.

* * *

Politics

WITH the whole world puzzled about the sensational French-English love token recently offered Mussolini, we think it would be awfully nice, don't you, to explain just what lies behind the so-called Baldwin Blunder. Yes. Well , . . . Il Duce, you may remember, is busy civilizing Ethiopia and a couple of weeks ago fifty-one nations, including France and England, decided to deny him certain raw materials essential to the conduct of war. Whereupon several million Italians took off their black shirts and waved them in front of the British Legation in Rome. Simultaneously, the darkness was added to by a "confidential" and "authoritative" statement, issued by The Dooce himself, that he has at his call at least 100 Death Divers who would gladly kiss his foot for the opportunity of crashing a bomb-laden plane onto the deck of any British warship you would like to mention. In other words, if the Romans failed to save their face in Ethiopia, they would be willing to go under the lovely blue waters of the Mediterranean in a sort of death-clutch with nasty old England, who seemed to be taking the lead in the League's spanking proceedings. Accordingly, since the actions of a rat at bay are unpredictable, Johnny Bull's diplomatic corps took steps. What did they do? They risked their own political necks by offering three-quarters of Ethiopia to Mussolini, knowing jolly well that the whole plan is idiotic, unfeasible and absolutely unacceptable and knowing, or rather hoping, that the storm of organized disapproval from all over the world would convince the Italians that not only Britain but every civilized nation is against them. Nice, eh? But dangerous, because although the level of intelligence of Mussolini's warriors might make such a scheme succeed, on the other hand the level of intelligence of the rest of the world's worriers may easily cause it to fail. In other words, whereas the Blackshirts may see unity in the move, the united front is more likely to give the show away by a subsequent frantic readjustment of policies and alliances . . . . Which only goes to show that the harder you try to be a smart guy, the more involved you are bound to become.

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Five-Cent Saga

EVERY once in a while, generally after reading the **Music Review** or **Slants on Sports** or **Saga Shadows**, we become alarmed at our evident lack of intellectual depth, spiritual quality and lyrical insight. And frankly,

(Continued on Page 4)

Special Meeting Of Student's Society Amends Constitution

Amendments to the Constitution were passed at a meeting of the Students' Society yesterday afternoon which adjust the position of the Students' Athletic Council so, that the work of the two councils will dovetail. Three amendments were passed which dealt only with the changing of words in the constitution and one which has to do with the remodelling of the Athletic Council. This amendment was moved by James P. Anglin and John A. Nolan.

The new council will consist of ten members, all of whom will be thoroughly conversant with every phase of University athletics. Eight of these will be managers of a particular sport and will have had a training in sport management by serving their apprenticeships. The President of the Students' Society and an elected male representative will be the other members. It is to be noticed that one of the ten members on the Council will be the manager of Intarmural athletics.

Athletic Council

The Students' Athletic Council will be able to attend to minor details of sports management much more efficiently than the Athletic Board which formerly controlled all athletics. Major events may still be referred to the Board, but the new efficiency in minor details will result in a new system of athletic government.

V. C. Wansbrough Surveys Wells' Life

"To anyone who is blessed with an open mind, Mr. Wells can become a stimulating mind, an illuminating philosopher, and a most entertaining friend," declared Mr. V. C. Wansbrough, M. A., Principal of Lower Canada College, in a survey of the life and work of H. G. Wells, before a meeting of the St. James Literary Society last night.

Mr. Wells, stated the speaker, has always provoked a great deal of criticism; in the minds of an older generation, at least, there existed a very real hostility and resentment towards him, although, like Mr. Wells himself, these are now somewhat mellowed. Born in 1866, Mr. Wells has, for the last forty years, been one of the most prolific of writers of our age. He was, in his own words, "born protesting," and he has given us his own account of his childhood, in his recently published autobiography, which the speaker considers one of the greatest books of our age. His family always lived on the brink of financial disaster, so that, though H. G. Wells never went actually hungry, he did know poverty, and this background of his youth influenced his later works, which depict time and time again the misery of the countless families like his own.

Became Teacher

He became a teacher, but a breakdown in health forced him to seek a living with his pen. "Before he was thirty," said the speaker, "he had produced a book that made him a marked man — a man marked for a great literary future: 'The Time Machine.' The characteristic features of this book are those of all his work — First, the powers of imagination which it reveals; secondly, the stimulus which is at work compelling his flights of imagination, is science; third, from the beginning, Wells is occupied with a supremely important question: How will mankind use these new powers that science has given it? Lastly, he is already thinking in terms of the whole human race.

Snapshots Needed For McGill Annual

More photographs are being sought for Old McGill '36 by the members of the Annual Board. The photographic staff has covered all the major campus activities this year, but there is a dearth of pictures containing human interest. To obtain such snapshots, the Annual Board has offered a prize to the student, not on the photographic staff, who submits, in the opinion of the Board, the best snapshot.

The campus life section of Old McGill this year is one of the features of the publication. It will be representative of every type of college activity and will depict in photographs the happenings of the college year. Photographs will be returned to the students if the names of the submittors are on the back of the snapshots. They may be submitted to any member of the Annual Board or left with Bert Yates in the Union Tuck Shop.

A CHRISTMAS CAR|OUS|OL

Chapter I.

SCROOGE sneezed in his sleep, turned over, and then continued to snore. Snore, snore. Scrooge had eaten the Christmas Dinner in the Union and he was having frightful dreams. Nightmares was the word, good old-fashioned nightmares. Scrooge tossed and twisted and his hair stood slowly on end, relaxed, and then stood slowly on end again, like a spring caterpillar, like hundreds of them, out for an airing. Scrooge said "ah" and "oh" and "umm" and "groan" and "ugg" and "Mrs. Vaughan" and similar things. It was obvious that Scrooge was suffering. Scrooge began to talk in his sleep, the most dreadful things. "The Union House Committee have decided," said Scrooge, "they have decided what have they decided let them decided who cares anyway the Union House Committee have decided," intoned Scrooge, "and their decision has been set aside ignominiously" — he had a hard time with that word — "ignominiously by the editorial board of the Philosophical Society, the tea-tenders of Royal Victoria College, Stephen Leacock, and the Ladies Aid, in assembly combined lawfully assembled and the Union House Committee have decided." Scrooge paused for air, gaining a little rationality as he did. "Goodness gracious and Gertrude Stein," said Scrooge, "goodness gracious, I am getting a little beyond myself."

Outside the moon came out and the moonbeams shone down and the wolves howled on the plateaus of Tibet if there are wolves and plateaus in Tibet but that has really nothing to do with it anyway. But anyway the moon shone down and the moonbeams glided earthwards and the wolves howled and howled and oh little star of Bethlehem that cost sixteen grand and then landed me in the courts. But we refuse to get out of this paragraph without saying "the moon shone down."

Scrooge snored on.

Meanwhile in a far corner of the town Tiny Tim was shivering and moaning to himself in the sympathy-catching manner that Tiny Tims have since time immemorial moaned. And Tiny Tim had something to moan about, the little rascal. There was no Christmas pudding in the house, admittedly, but that was a minor issue to Tiny Tim, who figured that Christmas puddings would come in due time if the story worked out all right. What perturbed, bothered and annoyed Tiny Tim was the ignominious (that word again!) thought that she hadn't met him under the Arts' Clock at noon. Oh yes, he had been there, crutch and all, and the cruel heartless despicably unkind girl had not turned up. What if she had said she would meet him at the Ruddick Gates? What difference did that make? A man has a right to make up his mind as he sees fit! Tiny Tim moaned and moaned and wondered and wondered if he would ever be able to have faith in her again, the heartless wretch, I mean wench.

Tiny Tim said to himself quite manfully: "I shall not complain! There is all of R.V.C. I shall find the thnake in the grath that double-crossed me, I shall find him . . . ." and Tiny Tim gave birth to a hearty sneer and a sigh of revenge that sounded as if it might have come right out of one of the characters in Saga Shadows or a Nolan editorial on Student Council changes or a M(ac)cDonald editorial on the futility of ever ever patronizing that low place, the Union.

"Let us pray that we shall have a Rhodes Scholar next year," said Tiny Tim irreverently (and irrelevantly), "and God bless you everyone if I must stick to character," said Tiny Tim.

Scrooge snored—aha he snored. The Union Christmas dinner was still at work. So were the riveters next door.

Chapter 2

A wind blew frigidly over the lonely wastes of the campus. The air waited and watched. There should have been an owl in a tree to lend the right atmosphere, but there wasn't. How thoughtless of properties, how utterly thoughtless.

"Ha-hah-ha-hah-hhhhh!" The sound was awesome. Every little co-ed in R.V.C. said in fright "So-help-me I knew I shouldn't have had that last Collins!" And then they each pulled the clothes over their faces and recited Dorothy Dix sixteen-and-a-half rules on sobriety or How to Behave Oneself as a Lady Should but Doesn't, not actually believing one word of it, not one word.

The ghost, being paid to put on a good show, let loose another tech-shaker, and the coy little co-eds really thought the end had come. In the Union even John H. said in a loud voice "What thehellis thatnoise can'ta man getany sleep around here colses colses if I must be quoted say that any such row at this time of night is unconstitutional."

But the ghost kept on. It did not pause once until it was right under Scrooge's window. Not in fact until it was in Scrooge's room and under his very nose.

"Tut tut," said Scrooge impatiently, "this will never do."

"Neither," said the Ghost ominously, "neither will the present Superannuations."

Scrooge frowned.

"I am the first and last Ghost, the alpha and omega of Ghosts," intoned the spectral one, "and my set purpose is to confront you with your invidious sins. You have been miserly in the extreme. You are a scoundrel and a villain and you should be denounced publicly in the Daily."

"Detestable organ!" said Scrooge uncompromisingly.

Chapter 3

There was a loud rapping at the door.

Scrooge jumped a foot. "Heavenly days, this was not in the rehearsal."

"Shut oop," said the Ghost in a stage whisper, "vat you tink dis, is a soicus? Anyting can happen."

The door opened slowly, but in the same way most doors open.

A Ghost entered.

"Id's a double-crossig!" said the first Ghost.

"Bahh!" said the second Ghost.

The second Ghost carried a crutch and had a disappointed-in-love-look on its face.

"You villain, you," said the second Ghost, to Scrooge, "you must help me! I am destitute. Alas, a lass, a lass!"

Then the second Ghost suddenly comprehended the first. "A rival," he exclaimed, sucking in his breath, "you villain."

The Ghosts began to fight. They talked and quarreled and biffed one another. They behaved as true ghosts ever would.

"Scrooge or not Scrooge," said that gentleman, "I must get some sleep."

They ignored him. They positively ignored him.

Scrooge scowled and thought black thoughts. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He sprung to his feet revitalized. "I will give you Tiny Tim a Christmas pudding, and you (see if you can guess, smart guy!) I will run out of town.

Tiny Tim said "Hurrah!" and he shouldn't have, because the other Ghost gave him a smart rap in the chin for it. The fight took them out of doors, across the street and on to the road. They brawled noisily in front of R.V.C. A window shot up. "Timothy, control yourself. Be a man." Timothy controlled himself and got another smack in the jaw for his pains. "Timothy, control yourself," the female voice screamed. Timothy got another smacker in the jaw. Timothy got mad. Slam, bam, biff and the first ghost lay grovelling in the dust. Yes, the dust. "Hurrah," exclaimed the female, "you are forgiven. You are my hero." "Well, I'll be blest," said Tim, "who'd have thunk it."

And Scrooge turned over and groaned, and the Christmas dinner of the Union was still at work.

Mathematics' Value In Life Discussed

"Our mechanical civilization of today would be impossible without the foundation of mathematics on which it rests," declared Professor Gillson in an address on "The Relation of Mathematics to Life" before the XY Club in Strathcona Hall last night. Professor Gillson traced the development of mathematics from its beginnings. It was first used by the Egyptians for surveying purposes. Later the Greeks developed the theoretical side of Geometry. In modern times the science is studied both in its theoretical and practical aspects. In many cases a branch of mathematics has been studied for its own sake and a practical value for it only discovered years later.

Dr. Vincent To Be Present At Banquet

Dr. George E. Vincent, until recently President of the Rockefeller Foundation, will be the guest of the Medical Undergraduate Society at their Annual Banquet on January 30th at the Windsor Hotel. As leader of the Chautauqua organization, Dr. Vincent became one of the greatest stimulators of medical education in the United States.

McGill Daily

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Opinions expressed below are those of the Managing Board of the McGill Daily and not the official opinions of the Students' Society.

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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

NEWS — C. Tessier
SPORTS — Doug. Amaron

REPORTERS

Doris Cohen, Bessie Saltzman, Jeannette Scholnick, Allan Gold.

Montreal, Thursday, December 19, 1935
Vol. XXV — — No. 57

Merry Christmas

FOR the present we resign to the dust the following vital issues:

Yesterday's apathetic Students' Society meeting;
Last night's cancelled Mock Parliament;
The temperature in the Law Library;
The Interfaculty Athletic Situation;
The Award System;
The Library Nuisance Question;
The Student Parking Situation;
The Arts' Undergraduate Magazine;
War and Peace;
Peace and War;
Union House Propaganda;
Rural Rhodes Scholarships;
Women in the Union;
Dwindling Lights;
The Elections (when, if and as);
Recent superannuations;

and confine ourselves with great pleasure to wishing our readers A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Toward a New World

TO THOSE people who are intellectually alert and socially aware it is increasingly evident that the tension between the forces at work in the world today is rapidly becoming greater. One does not have to read the newspapers and periodicals or observe social and political events with more than ordinary insight to realize that reactionary forces both in Canada and the United States are rapidly increasing their activity. This is due in large measure to their apprehension in the fact of the events of the past few years and of the pressure of radical forces for progressive social and economic measures.

The much heralded return of prosperity to the U. S. can mean less than nothing in a nation that has still ten million unemployed and another ten million living below the subsistence level; a nation that is maintaining its economic machine by huge subsidies and spending. In reply to a question put recently to a man of outstanding ability who had been travelling widely in the States and who had been in close touch with current trends we were told that there is a very definite possibility of Fascism in that country. There are not a few who fear the same possibility in Canada.

It is an oft repeated warning that indications presage a race between destruction and education. If democracy and civilization are to be saved it will only be by means of more adequate and more effective education along new lines. The first and most immediate step in that direction must be to supply leaders who will have fundamentally new and different attitudes to life. The obvious point at which to begin such a process is with university students. The huge student conference being held at Indianapolis during the Christmas vacation will have the utmost significance in the development of people who will have the zeal to lead in new channels of action and thought according to a sound standard of values.

This Twelfth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement of North America which will draw approximately three thousand students from United States and Canada and leaders from all over the world carries on the tradition of great and effective service in the student field which has been established by the previous Conventions. Thirty-three students from McGill, under the organization of the Student Christian Movement, will make up the representation from this university in the Canadian delegation of two hundred students being sent by S.C.M. units across the country.

This conference of Christian students centered around the theme of "The World Enterprise of Christianity" will face such problems as war and peace, nationalism, racial discrimination and economic readjustment.

This and other events of a like nature indicate that students are not totally unaware or disinterested. These are heartening gleams of hope for a new society and a new day.

The BOOK SHELF

THREE PLAYS, by Clifford Odets. New York, Random House. 1935. $3.00.

A LARGE section of critics shout back in return "People go to a theatre to forget themselves, not to see their own humdrum life repeated on the stage and screen." A young man has arisen like a meteor. He has written three plays all of which have been phenomenal successes. He has shown the critics to be wrong. He has grabbed life in his two hands, and hurled it at his audience. They like it; they come back for more. His name is Clifford Odets.

Odets is a Realist, a profound, sincere, unshakeable Realist. His plays centre about a mass. Although he uses individual characters to get across his ideas, nevertheless one is conscious of the fact that these characters are puppets, voices to express the sentiment of his group or mass. It is perfectly true that this group does not include everybody, no group can possibly do that, but what an advance this is! At best plays present a chain of fatalistic necessities building up into a series of actions and stimuli. But they generally never get beyond the stage of representing particular individuals, and individual circumstances. One might almost class Odets in contrast, as an allegorist or moralist. What he is saying through his characters has wider ramifications, more general meaning than the mere play itself.

There are people who declaim against Odets, believing his language vile, and his subject nothing but Communistic propaganda. These people miss the whole point. His language may be crude, but it is only because of his marvellous "feel" for the vernacular speech. Anyone who has been to New York, and has seen anything of the seamier side of the town,—we mean by seen, not passing in a sight-seeing bus, or tourist's auto, but actually mingling with the people—anyone who has done this, will realize that Odets has taken a sharp knife, and cut a slice off life, which he transmits to his audience with the added dressing of the original speech.

The best way of treating the plays themselves is in chronological sequence, for then we get a glimpse at the development of the writer.

AWAKE AND SING was the first written of the three plays in this volume. It has achieved a triumphant success at the hands of the Group Theatre, a fact which speaks volumes for its potentialities. The action centres about a Bronx family, their restricted circumstances, and their struggle to keep their heads above water. But more than this, Odets is moralising over the disunion existing in family groups of this type. He is not suggesting any remedy for the situation, he merely says, "This is life, take it or reject it, as you wish,—but this is so!"

The thing one finds most outstanding and unusual is the juxtaposition of events. That is, the dramatist does not differentiate between the trivial and the very important. This is a great part of his talent. In real life too, we lack perspective and minimise important things, while at the same time make mountains out of molehills. Thus when Sam Feinschreiber, the hapless son-in-law, is faced by the sudden declaration that he is not the father of his wife's child, he can only say, "Look, I'm a nervous! Twice I weighed myself on the subway." We have a continuous placing together of the laughable with the deadly earnest.

Here, in this play, we run the gamut of the emotions,—from the lowest to the highest. The highest are portrayed by the old man Jacob,—he loves fine music, books,—himself once a youth who could never turn his dreams to reality and action, he is anxious that his favorite, Ralph, should not make the same error. His final bid in that direction is suicide so that the boy may get a start in life through his insurance money.

WAITING FOR LEFTY has more dramatic punch than anything that this reviewer has ever come across. It recreates New York's taxi strike in what is known as the episodic manner. The action takes place in a hall in which a meeting of the drivers is being held. The stage on which the taxi drivers' committee sits, and from which the various speakers talk is actually the stage of the theatre, and the audience itself forms a part of the stage setting. The speakers present their views from the stage as though to a gathering of would be strikers. Actually they are speaking directly to the audience. Episodes of the various speeches are illustrated by blackouts followed by individual episodic scenes. This technical explanation sounds somewhat complicated; actually there are few more effective and simple ways of giving a living picture to an audience. The play, whether seen or read, will give you plenty of food for thought. Though you may agree or disagree with the playwright and his method, it will certainly jolt you out of your equilibrium.

Odets' power is electric. He is like a thunderstorm shocking you into attention. He doesn't speak, he bombards his audience. Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times, speaking of the play, is undoubtedly right when he says, "People who want to understand the times through which they are living can scarcely afford to ignore it."

TILL THE DAY I DIE is the weakest of the three dramatically. Yet we do not hesitate to say that we enjoyed it the most. There is a human touch, a sympathetic understanding present here which, although not lacking in the other plays, is not as pronounced. It centres about the underground activity in Germany. Precisely here is where the play has its weak spot. The playwright is forced

(Continued on Page 4)

Alice At College

"Dash this Christmas shopping!" said Alice. "I've got a list of people here as large as a directory and every one of them must get a present. It's awfully hard on a poor co-ed."

"You shouldn't know so many people," said Father Christmas suddenly appearing beside her. "The fault is your own. You will talk to people without an Introduction and then you grumble because you have so many friends. The modern generation is the most lax, the most sceptical, the most . . . ."

"Hold on!" said Alice rudely, "You should know better than that. The same thing has been said of every generation since Adam. I don't believe you're Father Christmas at all—probably one of the numerous Store imitations!"

"No, I'm not!" said Father Christmas indignantly, "Not any more than you are an imitation Alice."

"Well, I am an imitation Alice," said Alice, "so that proves it!"

"You College students are so clever," sighed Father Christmas. "You are one of my great problems."

Alice became interested. She had always thought that she was an unusual type and here was confirmation. The idea pleased her.

"Yes?" she queried sweetly.

This display of maidenly sympathy and tenderness was too much for Father Christmas. He began to weep softly into his beard.

"What's the matter?" asked Alice in still more honeyed tones.

"Ever since the business firms started to Commercialize me the College Students have despised me," sniffed Father Christmas.

Alice perceived to her disappointment that, with customary male selfishness, Father Christmas intended to talk about himself and not about her.

"It's all your own fault," she said crossly.

"It's not my fault," he blubbered, "I didn't want to become a business man but they kept pestering me till I had to give in. They said —boo! hoo!— they said I would earn the admiration of every company promoter on the Continent."

"So you have!" said Alice. "Next to Cigarette Coupons you are the most important business proposition of the Twentieth Century."

Father Christmas brightened up a little at that.

"I'm not such a failure in a Modern World, after all," he said, "But I still can't do anything with you College Students. People have changed a great deal in the last few years."

Drying his eyes with his beard Father Christmas began to recite:

THE SKEPTICAL CHYLDE

There was a time when Christmas
Was merry, bright and gay;
And each Paterfamilias
His children would survey.

And tell a happy story
Of a kindly Santa Claus,
Who always chose the Chimney
When entering the House.

The reason for this entrance
So extremely unconventional
Was merely his insouciance
And not Malice Intentional.

The doors were always open wide
And were, besides, more sanitary,
But such a way to get inside
Was far too elementary.

This tale was greeted with a cheer
And implicity believed;
Those children never had a fear
That they might be deceived.

But children of today pay heed
To Science and Ballistics;
Their interests are in steam or speed
And in Baseball statistics.

A story told them about elves
They treat with jeers and cavils,
Though they've only got to see themselves
If they don't believe in devils.

When told of Santa Claus they sneer
And wax interrogatory
And drown whatever else they'd hear
With noise disapprobatory.

They don't believe in anything,
To tell them is futility;
They treat everyone and everything
With undisguised hostility.

When scepticism in the pup
Is so morbidly protrudent,
You may be sure he will grow up
Into a College Student.

"Oh, I say!" said Alice, "That's not being fair. There are still a lot of Students who believe in Santa Claus."

"Are there really?" asked Father Christmas, "I would like to meet them!"

"You will," said Alice. "They all graduate at Christmas and will have plenty time on their hands to cultivate your acquaintance."

"Now you're laughing at me!" said Father Christmas.

"You're so old-fashioned!" explained Alice, "Now if you got some really sensible clothes and cut off that ridiculous beard . . . ."

Father Christmas groaned.

" . . . , and used a taxi instead of a sleigh and came in the door instead of the chimney . . . ."

Father Christmas quivered with horror.

" . . . , and left sensible gifts instead of toys and put them on the table instead of . . . ."

"Stop! Stop!" cried Father Christmas. "You would desecrate the very Spirit of Christmas. Where would the good, old-fashioned, sentimental Christmas be then?"

"Along with Dickens and other Victorians in well merited obscurity," said Alice with some asperity, "A little less sentimentality and a little more real feeling would be a welcome change for Christmas."

But Father Christmas would not stay to hear any more. With a final moan of utter anguish he began to fade from sight. He accompanied his disappearing act by reciting in a thin, reedy voice:

The world is no more what it was,
I suppose I must expect it;
But surely it does give you pause
When the children do reflect it.

Their elders are all out for fun
With no thought of the morrow;
I watch them to the Devil run
With weeping and with sorrow.

The children too are just the same,
Wild, headstrong and imprudent;
And worst are those who bear the name
Of University Student.

"What right has he to lecture?" thought Alice angrily. But she could not say any more for Father Christmas had now totally disappeared.

"What annoys me most," said Alice to herself, "is that he went away before I could get the last word."

Correspondence

The Editor,
McGill Daily,
Dear Sir,

May I take this opportunity to correct the statement attributed to me in yesterday's Daily. I am in sympathy with the Peace Conference but would scarcely recommend the participation of McGill students in the Conference for any prestige that such a step might lend to the University. I merely stated that a representation of students from a University of the reputation of McGill might do much in giving impetus to the Conference.

Most sincerely,
JUDY E. MOORE, Arts '36
(Woman Rep. of the Student Council)

The Editor,
McGill Daily,
Dear Sir:

I am overwhelming with rage; indeed I can scarcely find words suitable for my anger. In the article entitled "Do male students object to women eating in the Union," Mr. Fred Wigle, so it says, stated that "all the good-looking girls are welcome in the Cafeteria, but the plain Janes can use the Grill Room." How are we to tell whether we are good-looking or not? Under this qualification, if we should enter the Cafeteria, then certainly we should feel conceited; whereas if we use the Grill Room, that would be calling ourselves plain, i.e. ugly, and who wishes to admit that she is ugly, whether she be or no? You see what a predicament this puts us in.

And besides that, who do these men think they are, who demand good-looking girls? If they were some Galahad we might excuse them. They had better see to it first that that statement applies to themselves. (I hope Mr Wigle hears that.)

I, for one, would not go near the Union for lunch if you paid me. We aren't as hard up for eating places as you kindly undertake to imagine, nor do we intend to be obstacles for admiration or rejection, at your pleasure.

ONE OF THE UGLY ONES.

The Editor,
McGill Daily,
Dear Sir:

There are a number of persons in our dear old college who appear to be filled with a strange and fiery ardour. They criticize the fraternities and the C.O.T.C., they get together in groups and study (although I can't imagine what), and some are even proposing to go to Toronto during the holidays to confer on Peace.

Surely all this energy could be much more usefully employed. If the ultimate aim of the Pacificists is to save human lives, why don't they devote their time to trying to reduce the number of automobile accidents. In the Province of Quebec alone there is an average of nearly two persons per day killed by automobile accidents, while in more civilized places the death roll is even higher. War may be terrible, but is getting a bullet through your chest any worse than having your throat cut by the glass of a sheltered windshield? It may not be pleasant to think of men being massacred by machine-guns, but it's no worse than seeing women and children killed by careless drivers.

War has been waged since the beginning of history, and it will take something like a miracle to end it. A glance at the records will show that there were almost as many Pacifists running around in 1913 as there are now, and their efforts were just as fruitless. So I would suggest that, instead of shooting at the stars, they come back to earth and concentrate their efforts against a menace which is really serious.

H. J.

NOTICES

S.P.M. CONFERENCE COMMITTEE

The Conference Committee of the S.P.M. meets today in Strathcona Hall between one and two. All delegates are requested to hand in the three dollars for bus fare, at Strathcona Hall, between one and two today. If they are not able to do so they should get in touch with a member of the Conference Committee.

GRADUATING STUDENTS

If students who have been photographed but have not yet returned their proofs to Boris Studios do not do so this week their photographs for the Annual will be chosen by the Annual Board.

GEOLOGY 1 LABORATORY

Students in Friday afternoon section may, this week, upon previous applica-

(Continued on Page 4)

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ROOM and BOARD

Greetings
THE ROYAL BANK extends to the undergraduates of McGill its best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, coupled with the hope that they will choose wisely when selecting an institution with which to transact their 1936 banking business.
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

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A Merry Christmas To All From The Sports Staff

Basketball Teams Lose Games To Y. M. H. A.

Seniors Lose 40-10, Intermediates 23-17—Y.M.H.A. Plays Sparkling Basketball — McGill Men Off Form — Intermediates Show Up Well Against Provincial Champions — Brown and Jensen Missing From Senior Squad — De Martini Injured

McGILL'S Senior and Intermediate basketball squads tackled two rampant Y.M.H.A. teams and fell by the wayside in a disastrous evening's play on the Y's floor last night. The Intermediates put up a creditable battle, and, with a bit more luck, would have ended out on top. Their final score was 23-17. An entirely different affair was the senior tussle. The first few minutes seemed promising, but after that, a smoothly - functioning, rapidly-moving Y.M.H.A. squad went wild and completely swamped the Red team suffering from the absence of two regulars, Brown and Jensen.

Reds Lead

The Senior game was the faster of the two, but the Redmen were completely outclassed after the first quarter. The Y squad got in for a surprise first score, but in the next few minutes the Reds put up an impregnable defence which baffled the Y players. McGill's passing was good, and a score of 6-2 in favour of the Redmen was run up in two minutes. That was the peak of the Red attack. DeMartini was injured. With that the Reds faded out of the picture. Talpis and Brenhouse sank two long shots for Y.M.H.A. to put the Mount Royal Avenue squad in the lead, never to be pressed for the balance of the game. The Redmen's defensive system crumbled up as the Y squad became accustomed to it. Continual pressure scored points for Y.M.H.A., and the first half ended with McGill down 19-6.

The second half started at great speed with DeMartini back trying to ashort the Redmen to score. He set an example by scoring a basket himself, but that's as far as the come-back could go. Speed and lightning passes caught the Red Basketeers flat-footed and the Y.M.H.A. men swept around them, passed around them and absolutely bewildered them.

'Y' Brilliant

The Y team could do no wrong. Long shots, fast flips, tricky efforts—all found their mark. On the other hand the Redmen who got just about as many shots couldn't get one break. The ball rolled around the rim, bounced in then bounced out — everything but go in did it do. The hard luck must have told on the McGill squad for even their passing started to go awry. No doubt the missing men demoralized the squad and made it more difficult for them from the outset. The contest ended 40-10. It was a thoroughly bad game out of their systems. They should certainly be back on their feet in the next tussle, for the last two games have found them sadly below form.

The Intermediate game started slowly with the Y.M.H.A. seconds forging into the lead from the outset. At 6-0 against them the Redmen began to function. Their passing clicked but was so rapid that the players could hardly keep track of it themselves. Towards the end of the second quarter the team showed their passing down and pulled back into the fight. Wigdor was awarded a few free shots but couldn't net one of them. Every shot counted for the Y squad, but McGill's shooting was somewhat erratic. Wykes was the stand-out man for the Reds in that period, carrying the McGill attack. The half ended with Y.M.H.A. seemingly well in the lead with the score at 13-7.

Reds Nearly Tie

The third quarter started with McGill taking a determined offensive to the Y basket. Wykes sank two in rapid succession, then got a free shot in the basket. The Y.M.H.A. interspersed this splurge by scoring one basket. The score then stood at 15-12. Wigdor broke away for a brilliant tally to bring the Redmen within one point of tying the score. The Red team held a decided edge in that period, but were unable to sustain the pressure in the last quarter.

Along with the fourth quarter came a Y.M.H.A. counter-attack. Gold and Ditkowsky broke away from the pack and scored three in rapid succession. That put the Y men way ahead by 23-15. Wykes, still putting up some opposition, dribbled the ball up the floor to tally the last score of the game, thus bringing the score to 23-17. Play continued for some time with the McGill men working together nicely but unable to sink another basket. Y.M.H.A. missed numerous opportunities too, but were well in the lead and ended the game still ahead by six points. The Red team were pressing hard at the end, but could not overcome the early handicap.

Seniors and Intermediates both had a tough evening. The Intermediates gave a fairly good account of themselves, and, with a little more power, would have won. The Senior Red Team were absolutely off their form. They worked hard, kept at it, but could not get going.

Seniors

Y.M.H.A. (40): Richman, 4; Goldberg, 9; Jackson, 11; Ziff, 7; Ulrich, 2; Silver, 2; Brenhouse; Caplan, 1; Talpis, 4.

McGill (10): Gormley, 2; DeMartini, 2; Greenblatt; Tehan; Corrigan, 2; Bowes, 1; Rutherford, 3; Scriver.

Intermediates

Y.M.H.A.: Rabin, 2; Starr, 2; Borrin; Ralen, 1; Slutsky; Ditkofsky, 7; Gold 7; Hockenstein, 2; Schnaleberg; Sohmer, 2.

McGill: Mislap; Winkler, 2; Wykes, 10; Hunter; Wigdor, 4; Orr; Pugh; Purdie, 1; Reynolds and Wolofsky.

Ski Team Prepares For Annual Meet At Lake Placid

Six McGill Men Compete At Christmas Carnival

LAKE PLACID will be the scene of an intercollegiate ski meet during the holidays, and skiers from all over the eastern United States and Canada will be present. McGill will be represented by six men in an endeavour to win the Lake Placid championship, which was taken by Dartmouth last year, with McGill finishing a close second.

The meet is scheduled to begin on Monday, December 30, but the McGill team is leaving Saturday the 28th so that the men will have a chance to look over the course before the competitions start. The McGill men who are making the trip are Houghton, Tait, Denton, Hannah, Johannsen and Christie. The team has been divided up among the different events so that the strongest possible entries have been arranged for each event.

Commerce Juniors Defeat Dent Frosh

Only one class basketball was played yesterday, that between Commercial and Dentistry I. The Commercial squad won by the score of 35-16. All the men on the Commerce squad had a share in the scoring, with Conway leading the point-makers with 12 points. McSweyn and Lieter with eight points each followed Conway.

Perras was the leading scorer for the Dents, getting a total of 8 points. Gordon and Racine were the other scorers for the tooth-pullers with four points each. The game was refereed by Walter Epply. Dashing Rolly Lamb, ace of the McGill hockey club played for the Dent frosh, but held himself in reserve for hockey, and as a result was shut-out.

The two other games scheduled for yesterday were not played. Med. II won from Dent. IV by default, and as the other squads, Arts I and Com. III did not show up the game was not played. Today Arts IV will attempt to stop the drive of the Commerce sophomores and all players in the senior Arts class are urged to turn out. The game is scheduled for six o'clock in the girls' gym. The Artsmen gained a playoff berth last year, and need a win today to repeat their performance.

Yesterday's Results

Com. II: Novinger 4, Conway 12, Cornell 3, McSweyn 8, Lieter 8.

Dent. I.: Racine 4, Collins, Gordon 4, Perras 8, Lamb.

Sports Notices

HOCKEY

Home Games

Jan. 24—McGill vs. Verdun.
Feb. 7—McGill vs. Toronto.
Feb. 22—McGill vs. Harvard.
Feb. 26—McGill vs. Queen's.

SKIERS

Zone cards are now obtainable through Bob Townsend, Arts II, Jim Houghton, Eng. II, or W. K. Sproule Eng. IV. All skiers must have zone cards before they can enter any open competition.

SOCCER CLUB

The annual meeting of the Soccer Club will be held at 7.30 today, in the Reading Room of the Union. The purpose of this meeting is the election of officers for next season. The following are requested to attend: Pengelly, Laing, Janikun, Owen, Horsnall, Minnion, Archer, Thacher, Nolan, Cahusac, Lowe, Smart and Luxton.

BOXING

Boxing workouts at the Field House every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. All men interested in getting into condition are invited to turn out.

CLASS BASKETBALL

Today, Girls' Gym, 6 p.m.: Arts IV vs. Com. II.

To be played after Christmas:
Eng. I vs. Com. II.
Arts IV vs. Med. III.
Dent. I vs. Arts IV.
Eng. III vs. Com. II.
Com. IV vs. Dent. IV.

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Captain

Munro Bourne, who was on Tuesday elected captain of the McGill track squad for the season 1936-37.

Bourne Named Track Captain For Next Year

AT a meeting of the track club held Tuesday afternoon Munro Bourne, Olympic swimmer, Rhodes scholar, and trackman of note was chosen captain for the 1936-37 squad. Bourne who returned to McGill from Oxford this fall was a leading factor in the McGill defence of the intercollegiate track title this fall.

Bourne won the one mile event at Toronto and placed third in the record breaking half mile race which was won by Phil Edwards. As well as this Bourne was anchor man on the intercollegiate championship relay team. The track squad which will soon be preparing for the Dominion indoor championships at the Forum in March. McGill will be out to make as fine a showing of itself as it did in the tourney last year, when Record won the Dominion indoor hurdles championship, followed in second place by Worrall, and the relay team placed second in the mile relay race, which was won by Middlebury College, Vermont in Canadian record breaking time.

Several Graduates

Bourne succeeds Frank Nobbs, who is among the graduating trackmen this year. The task of filling Nobbs' shoes as captain will be augmented by the task of filling Phil Edwards' shoes in the middle distance races, as the great Olympic runner will also be among the graduating students.

Grad Basketeers Play Notre Dame de Grace

Important League Game Scheduled for Tomorrow Night—Principal Morgan Will Attend—Grads in First Place in League — Many Former McGill Stars Play — Westend Team Very Strong

TOMORROW night at 8.30 the Grads basketball team plays its first home game of the season, facing the strong N.D.G. team in an important "Big Six" league game. The Grads are at present in first place in the senior city league by virtue of two wins against no losses, but as the N.D.G. squad is one of the most powerful teams in the city, and is rapidly recovering the form which won it the provincial championship last year, the Grads are anxious to gain a win and further advance them in the league race.

Class Basketball

The game scheduled for tomorrow, beween Commerce IV. and Dentistry IV., has been postponed until after the holidays.

Officials Attend

A large official representation is going to be on hand for the game. Principal Morgan will be a spectator, and the entire executive of the city league will witness the contest which is by far the outstanding game of the "Big Six" to date. The Graduates of McGill are expected to be on hand "en masse" so that there will be no lack of support for the ex-McGilliads.

The Grads have this year a very strong team, being comprised of stars of intercollegiate teams of several years back. Among the outstanding men who will play are Don Young and Don Smaill of last year's intercollegiate squad; Gerald Halpenny, a stalwart of several years ago; Carvel Hammond, the league's leading scorer and former McGill star; O. K. Ross, effective McGill man two years ago; Bob Calhoun, defence player of many intercollegiate championship teams; Ken Mills, transient forward with a keen eye; Johnny Schuler, ace guard of several years ago; "Jeff" Jeffrey, aggressive defenceman of last year's intercollegiate team; and several other players of note.

Gerry Dixon, another McGill grad and former basketball player, is the manager of the team, and F. M. Van Wagner, coach of the McGill team, is honorary coach. The Grads organized last year, and, with one season of competition under their belts and the addition of several new men, are this year turning out to be the class of the Trunk. The game tomorrow night in Senior league. As yet they have not scheduled for 8.30 and should be well played. McGill, but they have won worth seeing. It is to be played at the games from Y.M.H.A. and Grand Montreal High School.

Hockey Teams In Action Over Week-End And Holidays

TWO OF McGILL'S hockey teams play this week-end, the Juniors facing a strong Royals squad in a junior game at the Forum tomorrow night, and the intermediates playing L.C.C. Grads in the Montreal city league contest Saturday afternoon. Both these games are important ones, as McGill needs the points to remain in the race for playoff positions.

Royals juniors are running close to first place in the J.A.H.A. league; they have played three games and have won all of them. Verdun is in first place by virtue of four wins in five games, but their one loss was to Royals. McGill will be at full force for the game on Friday, which is the last for the team until after the holidays.

Concordia Leads

In the intermediate league, Concordia are the leaders, with four wins in as many games. McGill has won one of three games, but both losses have been by the odd goal scored. The L.C.C. Grads are a strong team, but if the intermediates are out in full force they should win. The game is for four points, which is an added incentive for a victory.

The senior squad is preparing for its trip to the United States during the holidays. As yet only three games have been arranged—these with Yale, Harvard, and Rye, New York. Other games are being planned, and the team may travel as far as Pittsburg on its trip. A game with the United States Olympic team is also being arranged, and if the arrangements are completed McGill will be able to test the ability of the American threat to Canadian hockey supremacy, before the actual competition gets under way.

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1227 Phillips Square Montreal

NOTICES

No notice will be accepted over the telephone. All notices must be in the hands of the Night Editor not later than 10.00 p.m., otherwise they will not appear.

(Continued from Page 2)

tion to Dr. Clark, take their laboratory work today.

STUDENT RATES

Announcement has been made from the Registrar's Office that special fares are available to students and professors who wish to go home for the holidays. Those buying railway tickets are requested to make enquiries before doing so and to obtain the special forms necessary to obtain the reduced rate, at the Registrar's Office without delay. (59)

OUT OF TOWN STUDENTS

Out of town students who wish to be invited out for Christmas, should leave their names with Miss Heasley now. (59)

JOB

Any male student in the first year who would like to earn some money for Christmas, leave name and phone number in Locker 315 in the Arts Building. (59)

WANTED

Two or more students desiring transportation to New York. Leaving Montreal Saturday. Share expenses. Call MA. 6856 after 6.00 p.m.

A laboratory coat. Phone EL. 1378.

FOUND

A gold dress clip, in the Arts Building, on Saturday night. Owner can claim same in the Players' Club Room.

LOST

Black-and-white Wahl fountain-pen, on Monday, probably in the Biology or Physics building. Finder please phone WI. 4733.

Will the person who borrowed Dr. Hemmeon's "Economic Behaviour" on Monday, Dec. 16, from the 3rd last seat in Row No. 1, Room 38, please return same either to the owner or to Bill Gentleman. If found leave note in Locker 306.

Will the person who found a set square and a French curve belonging to D.R. Taylor, kindly communicate with or leave name at EL. 3040 or SE 3127.

Black looseleaf note book containing Biochemistry and Physiology notes. Finder please telephone FI. 6915. Reward.

A black Parker Pen, between the elementary physics lab. and the Union via University Street. Finder please return to Bill's office or J. Bovey.

If anyone happened to find a Waterman fountain pen, mottled in red and black, would he (or she) mind leaving it in Bill Gentleman's office? It's darned hard to write without it.

A gold earring, in the Union, on Saturday night. Finder please phone DE. 6668 or leave in the Players' Club Room.

ARTS '38

All those who want a class pin, please sign the list on the main notice board of the Arts Building.

ATTENTION, ARTS '36

Owing to the inability to obtain a suitable speaker, the class luncheon planned for this month, has been postponed until after the mid-term exams.

STUDENTS LEAVING CANADA FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Students crossing the border at Christmas time who require certificates, may obtain these at the Registrar's Office, but must give at least twenty-four hours' notice. (59)

SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE

Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, is offering a number of fellowships and scholarships in the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, the Board of Graduate Studies, Washington, Washington University.

A notice listing the available awards is posted on the notice board of the Arts Building.

S.P.M. PHOTOGRAPHS

The ...ional Council of the Student Peace Movement is requested to meet in Strathcona Hall at six today, in order to have their picture taken for the Annual.

DRAMA POSTPONED

The original dramatization of Hansel and Gretel by Antony Chapman of the English Department, which was to have been produced tonight at Montreal West High School, has been postponed until next month. The new date will be announced in the Daily.

INAUGURAL MEETING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE SOCIETY

The inaugural meeting of a proposed English Literature Society will be held on Thursday, January 9th at which meeting officers will be elected and plans made for the organization of the Society. Members of all years are not only welcome, but necessary. The topic of a Literary Magazine will be discussed. The exact time and place will be announced later.

LOST

A set of typed Latin translations bound together by two metal rings, probably in the men's locker room. There is no name or cover on them, but the first translation is from the works of one Cornelius Nepos and begins: "To this strong body was added an even firmer mind." The title is (A) His Character. Finder please leave in Bill's office or phone LA. 3631.

FOR SALE

A pair of good C.C.M. tube skates and boots. Excellent condition. Size 8. Selling only because of size.

MONTREAL ORCHESTRA TICKETS

Student tickets (25 cents) for the Montreal Orchestra Concert on Sunday afternoon, January 5th, may be obtained from the Registrar's Office this week or any time during the holidays.

The Bookshelf

(Continued from Page 2)

to speak from second hand knowledge. Although his usual realism is well to the fore one cannot help but feel that at times he is not so sure of himself. All this does not stand in the way of his success. The play has something magnetic about it. It has neither the punch of "Waiting for Lefty" for the motivation of "Awake and Sing," but it has as much or more appeal for the average person than either. S. M. F.

POLYCARP'S PROGRESS, by Victor Canning. Toronto, Musson Book Co., Ltd. 1935. 350 pp. $2.50.

THIS is only Mr. Canning's second novel, yet with it he attains an important place among the younger English writers. His first book, "Mr. Finchley Takes a Holiday," became an immediate best seller upon publication last year, and was chosen the Book of the Month by one of the British Book Clubs; "Polycarp's Progress" deserves at least as good treatment.

When Mr. Finchley discovered his England, many readers discovered Mr. Canning. Here is the successor to the quaint, lovable Mr. Finchley — John Polycarp Jarvis.

When John Polycarp Jarvis took a day off from the office to celebrate his twenty-first birthday, Fate chuckled, and Polycarp was precipitated into a future that was as variegated as an eastern mosaic. He began a modern young man's Pilgrim's Progress. He left clerking to become a driver of Red Dragons, forsook the Earth for the air as proprietor of the New Age Flying Company, ending his connection in a wild flurry of bombardment of a village fair with flour bags. After an interlude selling "Solo-he passed on to become the complacent owner of Chessvale Kennels, living in rural contentment with his man Higgins and other people's dogs.

But Polycarp could never remain in one place for very long, even if it took all the blandishments of fortune, in the guise of a naked financier called Joseph K. Winterton, to move him this time. His ascent to fame was now rapid. He became owner of "Polycarp's Weekly," and in a year the journal was as much a habit with a large section of the British public as their weekly bath.

Fortunately, Mr. Canning does not make the mistake of making Polycarp ridiculous. Instead we find him a man of infinite resource and sagacity, always in complete command of the situation. The one fault that this reviewer finds with the book is that the portrayal of Polycarp after he attains success is not as good as it might be. For it is people such as Jarvis who become dignified and pompous after they become important; they do not remain as the author portrays his hero.

Yet this is but a minor fault. In all, "Polycarp's Progress" is a bold picaresque novel, reminiscent of Priestly's "Good Companions," full of humour and sunshine, rich excitement, and good writing. T. N. E.

MARS HIS IDIOT, by H. M. Tomlinson. Toronto, Musson Book Co., Ltd. 1935. 230 pp. $2.50.

THE folly of war and the cry for a lasting bond between faith and reason has perhaps never been more forcefully, clearly, passionately expressed in contemporary literature than in this 230-page essay by one of England's greats. H. M. Tomlinson is no less a clear-headed thinker than a graceful stylist and, obviously, the utter stupidity of Those who Know has made him about as angry as a cultured, informed, universal thinker can possibly get. The result is Charles Lamb hopping mad, if you can imagine that impossibly delightful situation, or William Hazlitt with a better-developed sense of paradox and a keener wit. Or just plain H. M. Tomlinson, at his analytic, corrosive, lyrical best.

He clothes timeless questions in fresh, scintillating garb; and he bowls over the stup'd pubilcans and their stupid logic with new fascinating volleys. But his fierce laughter is not unmixed with tears—and from them spring hope, hope in the essential right-mindedness of Hans and Bill and Cesare, Koko and Pierre and Ivan, hope in the eventual realization that the State and its administrators should be nothing more than a convenience—"like the drains," a great deal less than the hungry Leviathan of Hobbes.

Tomlinson was in the last war. He knows what the muck and the filth and the blind carnage meant. And no map-manoeuvring general or flesh-defying padre can convince him otherwise. Not now, at any rate, although he is not backward in admitting that the pageantry of war can be inspiring and impressive. But, as he points out, the pennant-waving loses some of its significance when you engage in hand-to-hand combat with poison gas or a tank; and its ennobling powers tend to be somewhat nullified by the fact that your wife and children and the terrain you love is just as much on the Front Line as you are. And the horror of it all is that you hate it too, even if you can't read, and everybody else hates it except the modern Guardian of the State who, drunk with high position, is too befuddled to understand what he is defending, too untrained to think about "first principles" and, incredibile dictu, so idiotic that he doesn't even realize that in the next war generals will be denied the privilege of dying in bed. Thanks to the recent improvements in mass murder, those who are responsible for it will, at long last, taste more fitting retribution than catching a cold in the head on Armistice Day.

What is the solution? Can the youth of the world, denied bread in an era of plenty, bankrupt even of the hope that sustains their elders, can they be expected to lead themselves out of the wilderness? What will break the vicious chain of power and anti-power, hatred and counter-hatred, intrigue and balancing intrigue? Certainly not the Leaders. They aren't, not one of them, at present, big enough to feel the spirit of the commons; and in their hearts is nothing but guile and a distorted vision of Glory. The Mass? No; the mass is too docile, too sheepish to initiate. The totalitarian thinker, with that Great Leveller, the blackjack, in each hand?

None of these alone, says Tomlinson. But all together shall sit down—none below the salt—to a feast of reason and Christian faith. And a little child shall lead them.

Just as, unlike most contemporary indictments against war, "Mars His Idiot" is a work of art, so is Tomlinson's approach to the solution of the problem of peace spiritual rather than modernly pseudo-scientific, an approach which can end in no solution.

"Can it be possible that the warning of a legendary star has more in it than the whole library of politics and economics?" You could do worse as a celebration of the advent of that Star than present a copy of "Mars His Idiot" to your overseas Italian, German or Japanese friends. Or any friend, for that matter. The truth of it must be driven home everywhere, again and again. A. G.

THE REBEL LOYALIST, by Ralph Connor. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, Ltd. 1935. 328 pp. $2.00.

ONE of the most colourful periods in history of the two northern neighbours on this continent was that following the American Revolutionary War, when the loyal subjects of King George III of England found it impossible to remain under the flag of the newly established republic.

Differences of opinion, even in the same families, and divided allegiance caused many thousands of these United Empire Loyalists to make their way through trackless woods and by strange waters to new homes in Canada, along the Niagara Frontier, near the head of the St. Lawrence, and in the Maritime Provinces, where they could continue to live under the sovereignty of Great Britain.

It is of this period that Ralph Connor writes. He sees and describes two groups of people of the same original stock breaking into two separate nations, each group honestly believing in the principles it upheld. He builds upon these incidents a swift-moving tale which gives full scope to his powers as a story teller.

Altogether "The Rebel Loyalist" is probably one of the most engaging and most powerful novels of one of the better Canadian authors. D. L.

REVUE

Chorus

The next chorus rehearsal is th's afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Graduating Students

If students who have been photographed but have not yet returned their proofs to Boris Studios do not do so this week, their photograph for the Annual will be chosen by the Annual Board.

Campus Sass

(Continued from page 1)

we are worried. Are we forever to go through life with our mind about two inches on the safe side of the curbstone? No! That sort of thing is going to end right now! Here begins the life thoughtful, the mood serious, the demeanour sober. From now on this column will feature in its every issue some little literary effort that will try to atone, in some measure at least, for the sins that have gone before. We thought it rather appropriate that the caption Five-Cent Saga be used, since, after all, what this country still needs is a good five-cent saga and besides the whole thing is awfully expressive, don't you think so, of the meagre uneducated soul's Struggle for Culture . . . . Our first saga, contributed by one who prefers to remain unknown, will be a poem, similar in many respects to the jagged individualism of Ezra Pound and the sweet symbolism of Stephen Spender:

God grant thee peace, England, God? God?
Good God, there is no God! No God? no God?
No! . . . . Sweet Thames, drip softly till I end
My dribble; see, the Thames is lovely today,
Beulah. And thou art lively too. Yes . . . .
Empty bottles, hot dogs, sandwiches, hand
Silkerchiefs, cigarette butts . . . . Good God,
No butts . . . . toys, underwear, sockets, rockets,
Lockets, all these the river bears. And what
Do you bare? And I, what do I bear? And the
Reader? What does he bear? Infinite aches,
Pains, tortures of the psyche, boredom he
Bears . . . Foh, it smells me in the nose a
Monstrous odour . . . .

This poem, as the accomplished reader will readily admit, needs no explanation. It's ultimate truth is apparent, particularly in the final two themes, where, expert critics agree, both death and reason take a holiday.

GRIEVANCE

I have read a great deal about the equality of the sexes, and I may say that such experiments as I have myself conducted along those lines have been, on the whole, quite satisfactory. I am fully prepared to admit that the female of the species is equal in all respects to the male — in all respects, I say, save one.

I shall tell you of the way in which it came to pass, to the end that you may understand the reasons for the above exception. Known to you all is the Junior Prom, that gala assemblage of McGill's fairest women and noblest men; that gathering of bold, glamorous eyes and even bolder lines; that glorious God-given opportunity for the execution of coup d'etats which have been in the making since early Fall. Known to you is the Junior Prom, I say; known to me, also.

I am — or was — violently enamoured of an houri from Paradise, a fallen angel, if you will; a glorious creature of changing moods and stable, reliable passions. She it was whom I decided to take to the Prom, for the sweetness of her character had greatly endeared her to me, and the Prom seemed as good a place as any, to discharge my obligations toward her. And so I called her up, bidding her be ready for all eventualities by half after nine Friday evening.

Friday, at long last, arrived, and I made haste to complete all arrangements before calling for my love. At ten of the clock we entered the joyous precincts, she clinging—oh! so sweetly—to my arm, coyly avoiding the while the two bottles of cold tea I was carrying in my pockets. We repaired to one of the above-mentioned arrangements, and prepared to enjoy to its fullest extent the dance of the year.

As we later advanced upon the dance-floor, my love spoke softly to me, bidding me secrete on my person her compact, a large affair designed, apparently, by Messrs. Crane and Company. I acquiesced, and placed the case within a vest pocket, hoping against hope that it would not there be noticed. We pirouetted about the ballroom for a period of time long enough to necessitate another retreat, whereat we both gave thanks for a benevolent University and Prom Committee.

Upon our return to the center of festivities, my tender passion-flower again whispered soft in my ear, bidding me take for my own her lipstick and silken scarf. I wrapped the scarf about myself, under my waistcoat, and bestowed the lipstick — a colossal affair, somewhat reminiscent of Cleopatria's Needle — in another vest pocket. There was unkind laughter, as we tripped about, and even more unkind remarks dealing chiefly with the very evident reversal of the usual procedure — a train of thought suggested by the distortion of my normally shapely figure.

Of the shame and humiliation which it thus befell my lot to endure, I shall say nothing; of the radiant blushes which o'erspread my comely countenance, and eventually made necessary yet another retreat, I shall treat as a sealed book; saying only that never have I encountered a hostelry more considerate of the comfort of its guests.

'Twas some time before I felt sufficiently fortified to meet once again the gibes of the dancing masses, and I resolved that I should deposit upon my person no more of my love's accessories. Yet, when her soft lips caressed my ear, and her velvet voice wafted itself to my consciousness, I found myself helpless to resist her plea: that I become the custodian of her earrings. With a curse which has no place in a syndicated column, I placed the gew-gaws in yet another vest pocket, and prepared for the worst.

It came. My love, unburdened of her trappings, darted into the fray, and annexed for purposes which I shudder to mention, a lusty young chorister. I think my heart broke right then; but, calling to my aid all the courage of a long line of forbears, I struck out for myself.

Of what happened after that, I shall say even less than nothing, restricting myself to the simple statement that an otherwise interesting and useful light-o'-love, whose name I didn't bother to ask, was lost to me because of the damning evidence of ANOTHER'S accessories.

They fell from my pockets, and I was lost.

Women, I say, have no imaginative sympathy.

Women's Historical Club Meets Tonight

Tonight at 8:15 the R.V.C. Historical Club will hold its last meeting before the holidays. The meeting will be held at the apartment of the Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity.

The president, Beth Kiev, will deliver a paper on "The Chateau de Ramezay." This will be followed by a paper on "The Bonsecours Market and Church — the Importance of the Locality in the 19th Century."

Discussion will follow the reading, and refreshments will be served at the close of the meeting.

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